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W. B. GULICK.

## A Requiem.

BY F. M. E.

Breathe low, thou gentle wind,  
Breathe soft and low;  
The beautiful lies dead!  
The joy of life is fled!  
And my lone heart is wept  
Henceforth to woe!  
That thou shouldst droop and die  
At early morn!  
While yet thy graceful dew,  
A joyous fragrance drew  
From every flower that grew  
Life's path along!  
The green earth mourns for thee,  
Thou dearest one!  
A plaintive tone is heard  
And flower and leaflet stirred,  
And every favorite bird  
Sings sad and lone!  
Pale is thy brow, and dimm'd  
Thy sparkling eye!  
Affection's sweetest token  
Is lost forever and broken!  
The last kind word is spoken—  
Why didst thou die!  
Breathe low, thou gentle wind,  
Breathe soft and low;  
The beautiful lies dead!  
The joy of life is fled!  
And my lone heart is wept  
Henceforth to woe!  
Boston, July, 1848.

## ONE NIGHT.

BY MAUD SINCLAIR.

Time waned.—The regal night still wore  
Her starry crown, fadless and gorgeous as of  
old. Her beautiful eyes beamed softly down  
on quiet city, in whose habitations count-  
less multitudes were wrapped in slumbers deep  
and dreamless. It gently stole into a room  
where lay a pale girl, whose pure spirit was  
being from this fair world, in the spring  
of youth and hope. At an open win-  
dow sat the devoted sister, who had watched  
and pondered, with a zeal as untiring as faith-  
ful, the meek sufferer. And now, worn with  
watching, wearied to mind and agonized  
heart, she sat; her white arms rested  
on the casement, while, with brow upraised,  
her soft, liquid eyes gazed intently on the  
heavens, as if she sought in their depths a  
power for her sorrows, an unseen, holy hand  
to write on his blue vault the blessed words  
of hope and comfort for her sorrowing heart.  
Upon the balmy wind, so long, so earnest-  
ly wooed, lightly fanned her holy brow, bring-  
ing with its cooling breath refreshing languor,  
and the gaze on, whilst busy memory recall-  
ing past scenes and happy hours that now  
could be no more, save in her icy chain.—  
She was the eldest, and round her fond heart  
had the cloud hung more than a sister's  
grief; that now must pass away—and be  
no more on earth forever. Their child-  
hood sports and toys were shared together  
—the loves and confidence of girlhood's hours  
—the cares and griefs of later years. Their  
ears were closer bound by the recollections  
of the loved one gone before, for they were  
the feelings of the flock, and knew and loved  
him best, and had mingled their tears when  
he recalled the bitter loss. She had  
watched the frail flower as she grew from  
childhood into womanhood, with restless anx-  
iety, and a hopeful, trusting heart; she  
saw each beauty expanding into life, and fear-  
ed that bloom, so pure and bright, suited only  
to the celestial gardens of a higher world.—  
And now she must perish from this earthly  
home, and the pure dew of a mother's and  
sister's love, and be transplanted in the balmy  
bosom of paradise.  
She leaves she not some tribute to the earth-  
ly ones?—Yes, for holy thoughts and soft  
visions, fall with their balmy weight upon  
her heart; and purity and innocence are a  
dearest wreath—twill outlive the grave, and  
outlast waning years.  
Thoughts like these passed through that  
sister's brain; and their sad tokens bedewed  
her cheeks—but still she gazed. Beneath  
the window, paced the restless, uncertain step  
of one from whom reason's light had long  
departed.—to whom the solemn wonders  
of the night were scarce more mystical than  
to her mind. To him it was a season of  
long, long, sad season, that served but to  
open the chaos within; and often would  
his plaintive wail or faltering step be mingled  
with the listeners' dreams. From soft twilight  
the day-god lighted up the east with his  
bright smile, he ever kept his weary round.—  
He knew that within that dwelling, the sweet  
heart of one whose kindly looks and soft  
words had often greeted him, was even  
preparing for its upward flight; and his  
steps slower than 'twas wont to be; and  
his sad song would be borne upward by  
the breeze, although too faint to catch its  
sound. Suddenly on high there beamed a  
silvery light, as though the rays of a  
million stars were centered in one. It mov-  
ed slowly 'thwart the sky, then downward,  
with one bright gleam, expired.  
—alas! it moved the watcher; 'twas  
that I craved is given—but speaks it not  
of day, of darkness and of death? and  
his clasped hands she gazed, not with the  
absorbing gaze of hope, but with the  
glance of despair.  
Time waned.—Beside the invalid lay ano-  
ther, beautiful as a dream of heaven.  
She shared with the beloved mother the  
parched lips and fevered brow of the  
sister. She had watched and wept, un-  
consciously, she dropped be-  
hind her. Worn, nature claimed relief—  
she pure as a snow flake, was thrown  
under her head, whilst the other lay beside  
the taper, fairy-like fingers grasped

yet the fan, as though it still continued its cool-  
ing office, and was fearful it would be deprived  
of the instrument. Her hair, parted on  
her forehead, was gathered, a shower of gold,  
and fastened in many folds upon her head,  
leaving bare the queenly neck and throat,  
whose beauty the loose night robe but show-  
ed. Her features were such as won for the  
Grecian sculptor of old immortal fame.—  
Upon the soft cheek a tear-droplet lingered,  
as if loath to leave its fairy home. Her sleep  
was calm and deep, for her heart was yet too  
young to know despair, and a placid, sweet  
smile played upon her lovely mouth. To  
have gazed upon her as she lay, one might  
have well imagined God's angel-messenger,  
wreathed with his fairest smile, sent to attend  
the departing one upon her upward journey  
—a herald to eternal peace.

Upon the other side of the bed stood the  
mother. One hand clasped that of her sick child,  
the other pressed her heart, as if to still its  
wild beating.

Oh, what can weaken a mother's love!  
It mocks at weariness—it laughs to scorn the  
fears of others—it hopes when to all else hope  
is but mockery. Who can fathom its depths?  
Who know the voice which bids it hope?—  
Who still its pure fount, deep and eternal?  
Who else, save a mother, knows the woes  
and sufferings that torture her grief-stricken heart?  
What heart can soothe or feel for her? Or  
what voice bring comfort to the bereaved one?  
Where shall she turn for consolation?  
Shall she seek from the earthly world, and  
derive it from the hoard of words stored up  
for such agonized moments, and doled out by  
the worldly ones called friends? Can the  
set phrases and measured tones of friendship  
bring relief to the sorrow, calm the fears, or  
lend a ray of hope to the poor mother's heart?  
She has wealth, perhaps, and rank—a beau-  
tiful heritage and a smiling home—worldly  
fame, honor and beauty—and a long line of  
friends, who smiled upon her prosperity, and  
mayhap, would mourn her loss. What cares  
she now for these? What reck she of them  
all? Would not all be valueless without  
her? Would they not cheerfully and instan-  
tly be resigned for the blessed assurance that  
her darling would be left her? Oh, stricken  
mother, knowest thou not that of all these  
earthly props, not one will now avail thee,  
nor serve to strengthen by one thread that life  
so dear? Is there no other foundation on  
which to rest a hope, save that which earth  
bestows? No other heaven in which to seek  
security for the loved one, and harbor her from  
the stern tyrant Death? Knowest thou not  
that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?'  
And hast thou bowed for years before His ho-  
ly shrine, and worshipped at his altar, to for-  
get now that He has promised to 'temper the  
wind to the shorn lamb?' Has thy faith for-  
saken thee?—or doth thy rebellious heart  
dare to forget that God is just and merciful?  
Where is thy boasted piety, that in the dark  
hour forsakes thee? Behold, how thee, strick-  
en one, and own thy rebellion! Kneel, and  
entreat forgiveness, and let His soft precepts  
teach submission to thy stubborn heart. She  
was but lent thee; she has brightened many  
days—and though her purity and loveliness  
be entwined about thy heart-strings, shalt  
thou say that heart will burst when they are  
snapped asunder? Will it not rather be  
pained, and fitted to rejoice her when they  
earthly pilgrimage is over? He has given  
thee a bright band—'tis but one link He  
claims—one pearl from the string—one leaf  
from the roof-tree—one flower from the gar-  
den—and though it be the brightest, 'tis but  
to brighten its bloom for its restoration in af-  
ter years. 'Tis but one drop he asks thee,  
from the fountain filled to overflowing. Will  
it not sparkle and shine, a jewel in his diadem?  
—Then kneel, poor mother, and let thy heart  
in all meekness, implore forgiveness, and in  
all sincerity repeat His blessed words—'Thy  
will be done.'

And the fond mourner knelt, and poured  
her words of agony into a willing ear, and  
sent her cry of sorrow, and confession of weak-  
ness up to a forgiving One. The warning  
voice had not entered in vain, and she sub-  
mitted her grief and rebellion, and her hope  
to a just tribunal. Long and earnestly she  
prayed. The night-lamp, that had long lent  
its flickering ray to light the scene of sad-  
ness and of death, expired—for no thoughtful  
hand had trimmed it—and so absorbing was the  
grief shared by all, that no one noticed its final  
extinguishment.

Time waned.—The Vestal Queen of the  
night arose in all her majesty; and her calm,  
cold passionless, yet heavenly beams, shone  
on the earth-weary ones. Her rays were soft  
and silvery—but faint; for she, too, was in  
her dying day, and though all queen-like, yet  
wore she a mild serenity upon her holy brow;  
and in place of her bright crown, there lay  
the terrors, which God's earthly purifier  
shed for the departed one, gathered by angel  
hands to be wreathed in diadems. Slowly  
she mounted to her throne, and on her way  
she paused to gaze on the fading girl. Still  
and motionless she lay; no mortal could have  
told that yet she lived, so trance-like was her  
rest. The cheek was calm—and though  
disease had robbed it of its bloom and round-  
ness, and pain had tortured her slight frame;  
yet the soft meekness that nature had implan-  
ted there, had not yielded to its stern influ-  
ence; and the purity and transparency of the  
skin seemed to belie the gazer's belief that  
she was dead. Her beautiful hands were  
clasped beneath her head; and the slight  
fingers, so wan 'you might have seen the moon  
shine thro', just detained one ringlet that had  
floated off her face. Pale Cynthia's smile  
lay on her forehead pure as Parian marble;  
and had her teardrop crown instead, been  
placed thereon, she could scarce have seemed  
more heavenly. The moon had shone in that  
chamber every night, and kept her voiceless  
vigils o'er the slumberer; and now for the  
last time her beams saluted her, for before  
another night would have passed away, she  
would greet her in the far off isles of bliss  
and holiness. It was a fair, but mournful  
sight—the sainted mother on her knees by  
the couch of her dying one, the beautiful  
and unconscious slumberer. The faithful but  
grief-absorbed watcher. The moonbeam linger-  
ed, as though unwilling to resign the holy

scene for the many of utter wretched it must  
witness ere its course be run—but Time waned  
—and with a smile of peace it departed.  
For a moment the step beneath the window  
ceased, and the poor boy's voice was distinct-  
ly heard, as he wailed forth his midnight  
chant.

How weary is the night!  
When the stars shine bright,  
And the pale moon lends her light;  
Ah! how lonesome is the night.

The mourner raised her head abstractedly,  
and sighed a long deep sigh; then shudder-  
ed, when she thought of the imbecile boy  
who was the songster; for, though she pitied  
him as all kindly hearts would, yet there was  
ever mingled with her compassion an awe;  
a fear, she knew not why, that the visions  
which clouded his brain, and which he so  
strangely moulded into verse, and sung were  
prophetic. And even the drops of grief con-  
tained in his lonely song, added its mite to  
the weight of woe that saddened her heart.

And now the doctor—the dearly loved one  
—the kind attentive nurse—the faithful and  
cheering friend—entered the room. He ap-  
proached the sufferer and felt alternately her  
head and hands, and with the cold dew start-  
ing to his brow, and agonized look that told  
how faithful had been his exertions shook his  
head; but before he reached the door, he start-  
ed suddenly, moving towards the toilet, took  
from it a small glass, and held it before her  
face for a second, then in the moonlight, to  
discern if a shadow had dimmed its surface;  
'twas scarcely perceptible; and he laid it  
down again, and in a moment, noiseless as he  
had entered, was gone. None noticed him  
for who is there that looks with anxiety for  
the consummation of their fears? Who is  
there that watches for the voice that tells the  
knell of hope? Who is there that volun-  
tarily seeks for the drops which must ever welk  
the heart in sorrow? Alas! none need seek  
it here below—it comes full soon.

Time waned.—The moon had disap-  
peared. The stars waxed fainter and fainter,  
and one by one seemed to go out, or be obscured  
by the cold, gray glimmering that betokens  
the approach of dawn. The awful stillness  
of that period falls ever weightily upon the  
senses; but in the room of sickness, perchance  
of death, where the strange mixture of night  
and day—life and death—is so forcibly dis-  
played in the worn faces, and disheveled tress-  
es, and robes of the watchers, the pale night  
lamp yet untrimmed, and the deserted easy  
chair, conveniently placed for the repose of  
the watchers, the stand filled with phials, the  
cup containing the cooling beverage for the  
sick one, nearly exhausted, and the watch  
which lies beside it to tell the dreary hours,  
all these give a deserted air, a look of haggard  
wakefulness to the chamber which the  
gray dawn gleams so coldly on, and seems to  
enhance. The furniture, too, looks as though  
you had surprised it in its melancholy unshar-  
ed vigils, and become possessed of the secret  
it had not meant to have revealed.

Time waned—but naught was changed  
within that chamber. The mother had not  
risen from her prayers; the watcher still gazed,  
now on the chill, cheerless dawn—the slumber-  
er had not awakened, and the sufferer  
still lay as though in the icy clasp of death.  
Long—very long had seemed the watches of  
the night to the poor boy beneath, and wearied  
nature was well nigh exhausted; but his  
vigils ended not but with the sun, and that  
had not appeared. He tottered to some dis-  
tance in front of the mansion, and gazed up-  
ward with a vacant stare; perhaps he hoped  
to see some human face on which to rest his  
own, and tell him that his watch was nearly  
ended; perchance his wild brain had imagin-  
ed that he could discern the pure spirit of the  
departed one, winging its flight with the holy  
tints of night, ere the garish tints of day  
should dim its purity, or breathe a shadow  
on its lustre, to its higher home. Ah! who  
could tell his thoughts? But his eyes seem-  
ed bent on the worn haggard features of the  
watcher. It roused her from her stupor, and  
she would have bade him begone; but she  
feared to trust her voice in the drear stillness  
that reigned around; her heart throbbled wild-  
ly, almost to suffocation, and she checked the  
sob which would have relieved her bursting  
heart, and motioned him away—but he heed-  
ed her not. His deep staring eyes were set  
on hers, as 'twere a spell; the very calmness  
of his look but rendered it more wild, and  
her gaze deepened as it rested upon him.—  
Her former grief seemed forgotten in the  
spell which unconsciously bound her; all hu-  
man frailty seemed to have departed, and the  
rebel heart that had swelled against the fiat  
of its Maker, now calmly awaited the prophe-  
cy of its fate from the lips of the poor idiot  
boy. With the first bright streak that herald-  
ed the sun, he waved his hand on high, and  
gazing mysteriously, but sympathizing upon  
her, sang, in a sweet plaintive voice that  
flowed to her heart, softer and more musically  
than the voice of grief, 'The night is long—  
the night is long—the night is long—  
but joy cometh with the morning, very  
long—joy cometh with the morning!'  
Joy cometh with the morning!

She raised her beaming eyes in thank-  
fulness to heaven, and breathed a silent but  
earnest prayer from the deepest recesses of  
her soul, to him who had in His mercy sent  
eye that simple messenger, with the glad  
tidings that she craved, that He permitted  
them yet to hope for the blessing which he  
had threatened to take away; then cast  
them brightened with hope, downwards, to  
thank with a look, all speaking as it was, the  
messenger, but—he was gone.

The wild tumult of her brain was stilled,  
the soft voice of hope had resumed her throne,  
and the weary one sank down, and burying  
her head upon her arms, slept long and tran-  
quilly. The dove of peace had left the Ark  
of Heaven, with its holy branch of Hope, and  
found a soft resting place within the mother's  
heart; its sacred light spread o'er her meek  
pale cheek, and she seemed purer than before.  
She awoke, and gently arose, and laid her  
fair hand tenderly upon the brow of her sick  
child. It was cool yet moist, and the pulse,  
though feeble, beat regularly. 'O God! I  
thank thee!' prayed the mother 'that thou  
hast left me yet my treasure; forgive my

frailty, help thou my unbelief, and grant me  
thy assistance, to keep ever trimmed the  
lamp which awaiteth the coming of the  
bridegroom, that it may shine with eternal  
lustre in heaven.'

## TWO JERSEY GIRLS WHO DIDN'T SEE THE ELEPHANT.

One of the Jersey boats brought to the city  
of New York on the 4th, two young, fresh,  
and hearty girls who had long before agreed  
to celebrate the Fourth of July together, in  
seeing the wonders and amusements of that  
city. They had made a trifle of money in  
picking strawberries at one penny a basket;  
were fast friends and not half as green as the  
fields they were accustomed to roam in, al-  
beit they were veritable country girls, and  
had never read the latest work on etiquette.  
You may be sure they were in fine spirits,  
when, after swallowing a cup of tolerable  
coffee in Washington Market, they walked  
up Fulton street to the American Museum,  
paid their two shillings each, and 'helped  
themselves' liberally to a sight of the num-  
berless curiosities which that popular estab-  
lishment contains.

When according to their own estimation,  
they had got their money's worth, they went  
out, intending to make their way to the Bat-  
tery, to see the military pageant. But they  
had scarcely left the Museum steps before a  
good-looking, well-dressed young man, quite  
accidentally stumbled against them, and quite  
as naturally apologized for the unpremeditated  
offense.

'There's no harm done,' said Susan, 'is  
there Jane? We are country girls, and don't  
mind trifles. Besides, you city people always  
walk with your eyes at the tops of the houses.  
For my part, I don't see how you get along  
so well.'

'Then you are from the country, young  
ladies?' said the strange young gentleman,  
with a bow and a smile.

'Yes, we are,' answered Susan, 'ain't  
we, Jane? We are from the Jerseys, just  
back of Shrewsbury. Were you ever at  
Shrewsbury, sir—down at the Beach, I mean?  
It's a famous place along that shore, and peo-  
ple who are born there have their eye-teeth  
ready cut, and their eye-brows buttoned back  
when they're away from home.—Catch them  
popping! Why they were all what you call  
land pirates once, and didn't think any more  
of tolling a ship ashore, than a city sharper  
would think of cheating a country greenhorn.'

'I am not from the Jerseys,' the young  
man replied, 'I am a stranger in town, like  
yourselves, and if you have no objection, I  
should be pleased to accompany you round  
for a few hours.'

'I'm agreeable,' said Susan, 'if Jane is.  
We are going to the Battery to see the so-  
gers.'

Jane said that she was not the girl to break  
up pleasant company, and off the trio started  
—the two girls quietly exchanging glances  
as Susan whispered to Jane—

'He's one o' them as we've read of in the  
papers, and now for some fun, Jenny dear.'

Very pleasantly, arm-in-arm, the party  
worked their way through the crowd, and had  
got as far down as Trinity Church, when with  
a sudden start, and a loud exclamation,  
Susan declared that she had lost the purse  
which contained the money of both herself  
and Jane. Jane looked sorrowful, while the  
young man appeared to be not a little embar-  
rassed.

'I don't care,' said Susan, after regaining  
her composure; 'it was not much—a few  
cents over five dollars; and I have a fifty dol-  
lar bill pinned in my sleeve, which I was to  
pay away for father. But I'll get that chang-  
ed, and let father pay the next time he comes  
up.' Saying which, she presented a fifty  
dollar note, and asked the young gentleman  
where she could get it changed?

'All the brokers are closed to-day,' he said,  
'and I have not more than fifteen dollars in  
city money by me. If the balance in South-  
ern money would answer—'

'Is it good?' asked Susan.

'Oh, perfectly good,' was the reply, 'al-  
though you must get it exchanged at the bro-  
kers.'

'Father'll do that—give me fifteen dol-  
lars in city money—that's more than I want  
to-day and the rest in Southern, as you call  
it.'

The exchange was made, the Jersey girl  
pocketing fifteen dollars in good money, and  
thirty-five in worthless bills, and the three re-  
sumed their walk to the Battery.

The sharper was very polite and attentive,  
and Susan and Jane ascended as though they  
had known him from childhood. But we  
have not time to follow this interesting party  
in their sight-seeing on the Fourth.

They went down to one of the eating-  
houses, near Fulton Market, to dine, about  
two o'clock, and then the girls began to talk  
of moving for the boat, which left at four.—  
Their companion insisted that they should  
stay and see the fire-works in the evening, and  
said that he had an aunt who kept a fashio-  
nable boarding-house, where they could stay  
all night, and return home the next morning.  
Jane protested that they must go back that  
night, but Susan, with a sly wink, said they  
could as well stay over, but they must go  
down to the boat, and send word by the Cap-  
tain to her father, who would be waiting for  
them at the landing. Jane, with much seem-  
ing reluctance assented, and away they three  
started for the boat. Susan could not find the  
Captain, and it would not do to send the mes-  
sage by anybody else. Three o'clock came—  
then half past three, then a quarter to four—  
they still Susan could not see the Captain. They  
were standing by the gang-way when the last  
bell rang. It tolled, the ropes were being  
cast off, when Susan, with a wink at Jane,  
said, that on the whole, she believed she  
would go home, and the two girls stepped on  
board the boat just as they were pulling in  
the plank.

'Much obliged for your politeness,' said  
Susan, with a merry laugh, and speaking to  
the sparker-gallant who stood on the pier—  
'remember me to your aunt!'  
'And me, too,' said Jane, laughing also.

'and if you ever come down our way, tell us  
how you enjoyed the fire-works. I'm sure you  
won't forget us.'

When the boat was under weigh the girls  
broke out into a real Jersey laugh.  
'You didn't lose your purse?' asked Jane.  
'Here it is,' said Susan, 'to speak for it-  
self, and some of the rogues' money in it, too.  
Only think, that fifty dollar counterfeit bill,  
marked counterfeit in big letters on the back of  
it that father got when he was a grand jury-  
man, and indicted the counterfeiters—to pass  
that off for fifteen dollars good money, (I  
know it's good) and have a handsome bean in  
the bargain!'

'But suppose,' said Jane, earnestly, 'that  
we should be mistaken and he not the sharper  
we suspect?'

'No a sharper? Why, didn't he want us  
to go to his aunt's?'

'But the chap made a mistake—he's not  
had much acquaintance with Jersey girls, but  
he'll know 'em again when he sees 'em'—  
And Susan put up her money in a way which  
expressed the satisfaction she felt at the result  
of her Fourth of July adventure in New York.

N. Y. Dispatch.  
From Wright's Paper.

## ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

BY J. R. HOWARD.

The importance of education to man, in  
the most comprehensive sense in which that  
term can be used, in its moral, intellectual,  
and physical bearings, must be apparent to  
every intelligent and reflecting mind. But,  
although this may be the case, there are per-  
haps but few who understand what education  
really is, and the great end that it is designed  
to accomplish. This is a matter of great im-  
portance as upon a proper apprehension of  
these will depend correct views of educa-  
tion; and a misconception of them will lead  
to those that are incorrect, and consequently  
an erroneous practice.

In order that we may have our minds pro-  
perly impressed with the great importance of  
education to every human being, let us look  
for a moment at the condition of man as he  
comes into the world. Though destined to be  
'the lord of creation,' he is, of all that  
creation, the most helpless animated being  
that comes into existence. The paradoxical  
condition of the life of man has been well de-  
scribed by Sir J. F. W. Herschell, in his able  
'Discourse on the Study of Natural Philoso-  
phy.' In the beginning of that work he says:

'The situation of man on the globe he in-  
habits, and over which he has obtained the  
control, is in many respects exceedingly re-  
markable. Compared with its other deni-  
zens he seems, if we regard only his physical  
condition, in almost every respect, their in-  
ferior, and equally unprovided for the supply  
of his natural wants, and his defence against  
the innumerable enemies that surround him.  
No other animal passes so large a portion of  
its existence in a state of absolute helples-  
ness, or falls in old age, into such protracted  
and lamentable imbecility. To no other  
warm-blooded animal has nature denied that  
indispensable covering, without which the  
vicissitudes of a temperate and the rigors of a  
cold climate are equally insupportable; and  
scarcely any has been so sparing in ex-  
ternal weapons, whether for attack or defence.  
Destitute alike of speed to avoid, and of arms  
to repel, the aggressions of his voracious foes;  
tenderly susceptible of atmospheric influences,  
and unfitted for the coarse ailments which the  
earth affords spontaneously during at least  
two-thirds of the year, even in temperate  
climates,—man if abandoned to mere instinct,  
would be of all creatures the most destitute  
and miserable. Distracted by terror, and  
goaded by famine, driven to the most abject  
expedients for concealment from his enemies;  
and to the most cowardly devices for the se-  
izure and destruction of his nobler prey, his ex-  
istence would be one continued subterfuge  
and stratagem; his dwelling would be in the  
dens of the earth; in clefts of rocks, or in the  
hollows of trees; his food worms, and the lower  
reptiles, or such few and crude productions  
of the soil as his organs could be brought to  
assimilate, varied with occasional relics, man-  
gled by more powerful beasts of prey, or con-  
tended by their more pampered choice. Re-  
markable only for the absence of those powers  
and qualities, which obtain for other ani-  
mals a degree of security and respect, he  
would be disregarded by some, and hunted  
down by others, till, after a few generations,  
his species would become altogether extinct,  
or, at best, would be restricted to a few is-  
lands in the tropical regions, where the warmth  
of the climate, the paucity of enemies, and  
the abundance of vegetable food, might per-  
mit it to linger.'

'Yet man is the undisputed lord of the  
creation. The strongest and fiercest of his  
fellow-creatures, the whale the elephant, the  
eagle, and the tiger, are slaughtered by him  
to supply his most capricious wants, or tamed  
to do him service, or imprisoned, to make him  
sport. The spoils of all nature are in daily  
requisition for his most common uses, yielded  
with more or less readiness, or wrested with  
reluctance, from the mine, the forest, the  
ocean, and the air. Such are the first-fruits of  
reason. And we may add, of uncultivated  
reason; for uncultivated or uneducated reason  
would avail man nothing, and with it he  
would be as imbecile, as he is with his phys-  
ical powers, when he first enters upon his ex-  
istence. The powers of instinct, which the  
all-wise Creator has wisely given to all the  
other animal creation, and which are so ne-  
cessary to their guidance and preservation  
through life, have been denied to man; and  
in their place he has the heavenly gift of mind.  
Thus devoid of instinct, he must, of necessity,  
be the creature of education from his birth,  
and must generally be what makes him.  
Hence its paramount importance to every hu-  
man being.'

In one of our courts, recently, an individ-  
ual attired in a quakerish garb was called to  
the stand. The Judge taking him for a  
member of the Society of Friends thus ad-  
dressed him:

'Will you swear or affirm?  
'Just as thee d—n pleases.'

## ANECDOTE OF GEN PUTNAM.

The following anecdote of Putnam's boy-  
hood, is given by one of the editors of *Noah's  
Mess*:

Putnam's early days were spent as those  
of most boys placed in the same situation in  
life. One of his favorite amusements was  
bird's nesting—cruel and useless custom.  
The hunts for nests were followed in com-  
panies, and Putnam was always the leader.  
On one occasion, he and his companions  
came across a fine nest, which lodged on a  
frail branch of a very high tree. There was  
no way of reaching the nest except by climb-  
ing (which was very difficult) and venturing  
out on the branch, nine chances to one, it  
would break under the weight of the robber.  
No one would venture. Putnam regarded  
the nest and limb in silence for some mo-  
ments, and at length said,

'I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles  
round, that can get that nest.'

All agreed with him.

'I'll try it,' said he, deliberately taking off  
his jacket and rolling his pantloons up to his  
knees.

His companions attempted to dissuade him  
but to no purpose. Go he would.

'I'll fancy that one of the King's strong  
hold's,' said Putnam, 'and I may be—if I  
don't take it.'

The tree was ascended—the limb gained,  
Putnam placed his feet upon it and it creak-  
ed. He ventured a foot further; the limb  
bent low, and a murmur rose from the boys  
below. He put his knee to the branch and  
reached toward the nest. The limb broke  
partially—a shout below—and Putnam perse-  
vered. His finger touched the wished-for  
prize, and just as he cried 'I've got it,' the  
limb broke clear off, and he fell—but not to  
the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of  
the lower limbs, and his head hung down-  
wards.

'Put, are you hurt?' said one of the boys.  
'Not hurt,' answered the undaunted hero;  
'but sorely puzzled how to get down.'

'We can't cut away the limb, because we  
have no knife.'

'I can't stay here till you get one.'

'We'll strike a light and burn the tree  
down.'

'Aye, and smother me in the smoke.—  
That won't do.'

There was a boy named Randall in the  
group, who was noted for being a crack  
marksman, and who afterwards fought brave-  
ly at Putnam's side. Him Putnam ad-  
dressed:

'Jim Randall! there is a bullet in your  
rifle.'

'Yes.'

'Do you see that a very little limb holds  
me here?'

'I do.'

'Fire at it.'

'What! to cut you down?'

'Of course.'

'But I might strike your head.'

'Shoot! Better blow my brains out than  
see me die here, which I shall in fifteen  
minutes. Shoot!'

'But you will fall.'

'Jim Randall! will you fire?'

The sharp crack of the rifle ran through  
the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam  
fell upon the ground. He was severely  
bruised, but laughed the matter off, and no-  
thing more was thought of it. Drawing the  
nest from his pocket, he said:

'Here is that nest; I said I would have it,  
and I was determined no one should see me  
fail!'

The same indomitable and daring spirit  
was displayed in his after life, in endeavoring  
to secure liberty for his country. His name  
is carved high and indelibly in the temple of  
Fame, with that of Washington, Warren,  
Stark, Allen, Prescott, and La Fayette.

## ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative  
of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia,  
is from the *New Bedford Mercury*:

Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every  
day pleased him, and who, when at the age  
of 21 years, expected Mr. G. to say something  
to him of his future prospects, and perhaps  
lend him a helping hand in starting him in  
the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, care-  
fully avoiding the subject of his escape from  
minority. At length, after the lapse of some  
weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to  
address Mr. G. upon the subject.

'I suppose, sir,' said the clerk, 'if I am free,  
and I thought I would say something to you  
as to my future course. What do you think  
I had better do?'

'Yes, yes, I know you are,' said Mr. G.,  
'and my advice to you is, that you